

# Good Morning 406

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dead Men's Teeth Can Tell Tales

Stuart Martin says how

YOU would think, wouldn't you, that if a Professor of Chemistry decided to murder somebody he would be able to obliterate all clues, smother all trails, and by his knowledge eliminate all suspicion?

But Professor John White Webster, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogist at Harvard University, and of Chemistry at Boston Medical School, murdered his lifelong friend, Dr. Parkman, and forgot something.

He burned the body, or parts of it, in a furnace—but forgot that Parkman's set of false teeth would defy the heat! He forgot, too, that the false teeth would be stained light pink by the very great heat owing to the presence of gold in the setting.

Had he only known that, thrown into the furnace apart from the head, the teeth-moulds would have exploded, he might have got away with it. But the false teeth bit through his defence and gripped him, holding him prisoner.

Dr. Parkman was no common man to dispose of physically. He was six feet tall, angular, tough. His family came from Scotland and had settled in Boston, where his brother was a clergyman. He gave the land on which the Medical School was built.

Webster, in 1849, was about sixty years of age. He had got into considerable debt to Parkman, and had also borrowed from Parkman's brother-in-law, to whom he gave, as security, a cabinet of valuable minerals. This act, owing to the nature of the debt to Parkman, was dishonest, and Parkman began to press for his money.

In fairness to Webster, let it be said that Parkman was more than a nuisance in his method of demanding repayment of the few thousand dollars he had lent. He used to attend the classes at the School, sit in one of the front rows, and glare at Webster while the lecture was being given.

Now, Professor Webster had accommodation at the Medical School for his own use, consisting of a laboratory, a private room and a toilet. Under the toilet was a vault, and next to it a room where dissections took place.

On November 19th, 1849, Parkman called at the School, and there was a quarrel between him and Webster, which was heard by others. That was a Monday. It was agreed that they should meet on the Friday following, at 1.30 p.m. Dr. Parkman was seen to walk in the direction of the Medical School just before this time. But he was never seen again.

On the following Sunday, Professor Webster told Dr. Parkman's brother that Dr. Parkman had called on the Friday and had received 483 dollars as part-payment of the debt.

Professor Webster now changed his habits at the School. Up to that time he had lectured from Tuesdays to Fridays, but not on Saturdays, Sundays or Mondays. He now came to the School on Saturday and Sunday, and even after Tuesday he attended at his quarters; but

his door was kept locked, and not even the porter, whose duty it was to light the fires, was allowed in.

This porter, Littlefield by name, became suspicious, and determined to get inside the rooms.

Strangely enough, when Parkman's family were worrying about his disappearance, there appeared some curious letters addressed to the police. One ran:

"Dr. Parkman was taken on board the ship herculum and it is all I dare to say as I shall be killed. Est Cambige one of the men gave me his watch, but I was forced to keep it and throw it into the water. . . ."

Littlefield at last one night broke into the Professor's rooms, and saw there a human pelvis and a pair of legs, or parts of legs, in the vault. The view, shown up by the light of a candle which Littlefield carried, thoroughly startled the porter. He went to the authorities and told his story.

The authorities discovered that the Professor was at Harvard. They drove out to the university, and, by a ruse, got him into a cab. He was inside a police station before he knew who were his captors. And there, in the gaol, he was told of the discoveries, and also that a search had revealed other incriminating material.

Professor Webster was overwhelmed. In his excitement he asked, "Have they found the whole of the body?" a question that seemed somewhat significant. He broke down and bewailed the shock that his arrest would be to his family. Then he tried to poison himself, but although he managed to swallow a quantity, he was prevented from taking a fatal dose.

He was still a sick man when he was taken to his apartments so that he could be present at a further search. This revealed more evidence.

The police found a tea-chest filled with tan bark. Buried deep in the tan was a man's left leg and thorax and pieces of flesh.

The furnace was raked out. Among the ashes were calcined bones and the false teeth, and a shirt button. But there was no sign of the clothing of the missing doctor, so it was presumed the clothes were burned.

But the main point was still to be proved. Were the legs and other parts the remains of Parkman? The best experts of the country set to work to reconstruct what bones were found and what fragments of the dead human being were discovered. They proved that all were part of one body. They proved that these had belonged to a man of Parkman's height.

It was the false teeth that clinched the matter. When Webster was tried, the dentist who had supplied Parkman with the false teeth was called as a witness. He came reluctantly, for he was a friend of both men, but he brought

## Lost in London? Here's Way Out!

A DECADE ago, if you lost your umbrella on a bus, your spectacles on a tram, and your suitcase on the Underground, and wanted them back, you had to journey to three separate establishments in different parts of London to get them.

With the formation of the London Passenger Transport Board the whole of the lost property work was centralised at one office, at Baker Street Station. Here, in the past ten years, have come 2,907,967 articles, and no fewer than 1,046,599 have been claimed.

A STROLL round the bulging racks at "Baker Street" provides an illuminating sidelight on the habits of travellers. Here are a few figures—some of which prove that passengers have become rather more careful of property which is rationed or couponed. In the first year of the war, when umbrellas were plentiful, 91,732 were lost. In 1943, only 28,096 came to the Lost Property Office. In 1939, 44,600 pairs of gloves were retrieved from vehicles, compared with 30,539 in 1943.

Miscellaneous items of clothing, including hats, dropped from 28,980 in 1939, to 18,961 last year. Perishable goods, being mainly rationed, fell from 1,236 to 386.

Another remarkable decrease is in war equipment—rifles, gas masks, tin-hats, kit-bags, and the like. In 1940, the huge number of 40,521 items was received, compared with 6,547 last year. The fall is mainly due to the fact that gas masks are no longer carried.

Other interesting figures, not affected by coupons or rationing, include lost spectacles—5,519 in 1939 and 5,334 in 1943; strange things which passen-

gers have lost in public service vehicles during the past ten years:

A chameleon, a chicken, a monkey, mice, cats and dogs, a rabbit (fortunately some lettuce were found on the same day!), £1,200 in pound notes, artificial legs, a female skeleton, a bottle of eyes in liquid, a burglar's outfit (complete with rope ladder, door wedges, jemmies, rubber shoes, gloves and keys), and a parcel containing money, each coin being wrapped in five scraps of paper. This parcel was claimed by a street vendor.

There was the man who went to "Baker Street" in search of his spectacles. The clerk behind the counter was able to find them for him, and very quickly, for they were still on his nose! Another traveller lost his umbrella on twelve occasions. "My old friend has again left me," he used to write. "Have you got him?" On the thirteenth occasion, alas, the umbrella was lost for ever.

And to prove that the staff of the Lost Property Office must be quite insured to surprise, here are some of the strange things which passen-

### How do they lose them?

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It is commonly supposed the "Lost Property" is a profitable side-line for a transport undertaking, but such is not the case. The money accruing from the sale of unclaimed articles—they are sold by public auction after three months—and the fees charged for claimed articles, go, in proportion, to the Staff Benevolent Fund and the remainder towards the costs of administering the Lost Property Office.

Derek Alexander



## Here's a happy smile for A.B. Walter Edwards

PAGING Able Seaman Walter Edwards, who hails from 87 Powell Street, Park Village, Wolverhampton. Here's a grand picture of your smiling sweetheart, Doris Mason, hard at work in the canteen where she is employed.

And Doris tells us you're fond of chips, Walter, so this picture of her at a chipping machine will have a double appeal!

We called in at your home and had a chat with your sister, Gladys, who was busy

shaking the rugs. A slight contortions developed when your three-year-old niece, Annette, came in tearful-eyed. It seemed that she'd had a spot of bother with some of her playmates, much to Annette's disgust.

She soon dried her eyes when Gladys presented her with a sticky sweet, and then the babe toddled off—doubtless to start another fracas in order to merit one more sweet!

By the time you read this Doris will have seen you on her holiday, and so it won't be much good our telling you that she is on the way, will it? After twelve months in the canteen Doris is very competent now, and confident that she can satisfy that appetite of yours.

"I've had plenty of experience in cooking now," she told us, "so Walter will be all right when we can settle down in our own little home. I'll look after the lad and see that he doesn't go hungry," was her parting shot. And, of course, Doris sends her fondest love.

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—but true

Alaska was sold by Russia to the U.S. in 1867 for £1,400,000, since which time it has produced more than £200,000,000 worth of gold, furs and timber.

Halo surrounding the sun or moon is due to the refraction of light by ice-crystals in the higher atmosphere. Solar halos are rainbow-hued; lunar halos are generally colourless.

The Five-Mile Act had nothing to do with early motoring. It prohibited a dissenting minister from preaching within five miles of "any corporate town, or of any place where he had preached since the Act of Oblivion, under a penalty of £40." The Act was repealed in 1689.

Your criticism of  
Us is your own  
Right—  
Exercise it,  
Brothers!

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# THE SUDDEN END

## PART 19

JERVIS came back, followed by a maid bringing towels and water, and Corby said with sudden irritation, "Clear the room, clear the room. There's a man seriously hurt here," and Moon and I went out.

In the hall I found Green and his companion just arrived. I told them what had happened, and the four of us stood talking in low voices.

Moon said that when they had broken into the room they had found it empty, but the rolled-back rug gave an instant clue. At the bottom of the ladder leading to the cellar he had found Palmer. "And it looked to me, sir, they threw him there," he added.

Moon added that there was a regular warren of cellars at the foot of the private room ladder. Presently he wandered out to get a breath of air.

For my part the whole series of incidents seemed unreal, with Doctor Corby's appearance yet one more inexplicable incident. I fell to wondering what on earth could have brought him here, and I recalled Jervis' account of Beth Lockwood's surmise that the doctor hated his younger son—sufficiently deeply to be prepared to see him found guilty of murder.

Jervis' appearance in the hall checked my surmising. He beckoned to me.

"Palmer's all right; at least, it's not very serious," he said, "Corby's just finishing patching him up, then we must get him to hospital. But Corby's mad, or as near as, doesn't matter. It's horrible. He keeps muttering about Ivor, even asking Palmer where he is. I don't know whether we'd better tell him. It's John's death that's done it—I was afraid of it—though I never thought it would be as bad as this." Jervis appeared distraught.

Before I could answer, Corby himself had come from the inner room.

"Ah, it's Mr. Harborough," he said in a strange tone as his eyes fell on me. "Mr. Harborough—yes, yes. No, later, later," he finished, and hurried after the maid.

"There's no doubt about it," I said with a sigh. "Poor Corby—his mind's gone. Why not ask Mace what he thinks about telling him—before he comes back?"

"I will," Jervis said. I followed him to the inner room. Mace was bending over Palmer, who was speaking weakly, but distinctly.

"For God's sake look after Corby," he was saying. "The man's mad. He came here to kill his son."

THE three of us, Mace, Jervis and I, were in anxious consultation in the office when the doctor reappeared in the hall. Palmer had amplified his story. He had had a hell of a time with the old man, who had stated frankly that he had come to kill Ivor.

We had decided that we must get Corby back to Oldford somehow, and Mace suggested telling him that he had just heard that Ivor had gone home. "I'll try to humour him," he said, "and 'phone the station to get the police surgeon to meet him there."

He left us to speak to the doctor. And then the crash came. Moon came bursting into the hall. He caught sight of Jervis and rushed forward, exclaiming, "Mr. Arnold, they've just found Mr. Ivor's body. It's on the mud—" He stopped, reading the consternation in our faces, and for the first time realised the doctor's presence.

Corby walked slowly towards him.

"Mr. Ivor's body," he echoed. "My son's body, you're saying?"

Jervis was magnificent. He went to the old man and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Doctor, I'm terribly distressed that you should have heard the news like this," he said, "but it's true. Ivor was drowned this afternoon—in a boat that upset."

For what seemed an age, Corby neither spoke nor moved. I tried not to look at him, but I could not keep my eyes averted.

The doctor sighed. "It's just as well; it's just as well," he said, then, "Mr. Mace, there's something you should know about my son."

Mace had joined us, and he closed the office door.

"Don't you think perhaps, sir, you had better tell me later," he said quietly. "I already know a good deal."

"Aye. But you don't know this," the doctor answered fiercely. "Take it down, man, take it down. Ivor Corby, my son, God forgive me for begetting him, he murdered Alban Harborough, but mine was the hand that committed the deed."

I heard Jervis murmur, "My God, I believe that's true." I heard Mace say, a rasp in his voice, "Sir, I must warn you—"

"I need no warning," Corby broke in, "take it down, I tell you, take it down. I killed Alban Harborough. I struck him in passion in his own house. I meant to kill him. I threw him into the sea. He was not dead then. I left the sea to do the work of justice. The man was worthless. He put his own convenience before the magnificent career of my dear son John. He would have ruined him though I begged him to refrain. I killed

## Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

him—and all for nought. John's gone."

We tried to calm him. Mace certainly thought he was raving, so should I have done but for Jervis' remark. That brought sudden light to me. Mrs. Long's confession had been true except that for revenge she had accused Ivor instead of his father.

Corby would not be calmed. We forgot Palmer, lying in the adjoining room for Corby, was telling almost rationally much that we already knew and some that we did not.

He branded Ivor as a black-mailer, a thief, a liar and a shameful disgrace. He said little of Miss Lockwood, save that he had asked her to try to persuade Ivor to cease his blackmailing and that she had failed, and then he told how he had left her that night in despair, seeing John's whole life work smashed unless he could persuade Alban Harborough to hold his hand. He spoke in queer, stilted phrases.

"I left Miss Lockwood's house

determined to make a final appeal to the man," he said. "I met him but a few yards from his door and asked to have words with him. He refused my request. He mocked me, waving a letter he held and saying that he was posting the evidence against my son Ivor to his solicitor then and there. He pushed me aside. Yet I refused to accept the affront. I waited for him near his house to return from the post to appeal once more. Again he refused me. I followed him into his house, and he would have turned me out. Then I struck him. He would have died from the blow. The evidence I gave at his inquest was that which any knowledgeable practitioner would have given. You may accept that evidence. Actual death was caused by drowning. The real murderer was my son Ivor. He, too, is drowned."

Corby was rambling. His face screwed up, and he seemed to be fighting hard to keep a hold on his wandering mind. His eyes shifted from face to face and fixed on me.

"No. No. I am an honourable man, I would not have let you suffer," he said. "I had arranged for that. I had written you a letter. It will be found with my papers. That is all, Mr. Mace, I think."

He spoke the last few words quite normally. Mace looked up from his notes, an expression of perplexity on his face. He was still uncertain.

## Whales on War Work

WHALES don't wear battle dress, but they're playing a big part in this war. When the Nazis grabbed Norway they had great hopes of going into the whaling business. They were quickly disappointed.

Many of the Norwegian whalers sailed off to British ports. Others helped to pin-point targets for our bombers. And one or two useful Commando raids made an awful mess of the few oil refineries that the Hun had managed to get going.

Many of the lads in the Invasion Forces owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Whale, without always knowing it. From whale oil, various ointments and fibre dressings are made. Without glycerine it would be hard to manufacture high explosive, and whale oil is the chief source of glycerine.

When the history of this war comes to be written, tribute will certainly be paid to the importance of food as a morale-builder.

Here again, the whale has taken a hand in the game on our side. Whale oil is a valuable source of edible fats, like margarine. Food experts are convinced that Germany's shortage of fats will certainly shorten the war.

Cut off from pre-war supplies of nitrates, Nazi Germany has also felt the pinch in not having a source of whale oil and whalebone. A good-sized whale—and some weigh as much as 120 tons—provides tons of fertiliser.

Whaling is a busier industry than ever. The year before the war the world's whaling grounds yielded 4,000,000 barrels of oil. It's a staggering figure until you remember that the mass of blubber on a heavy whale may be as much as sixteen inches thick!

No figures are available of the number of men engaged in the business to-day. In 1939 there were 13,000 fishermen on the job in the Antarctic grounds alone. They accounted for close on 50,000 whales.

There is a serious danger that the whale may become extinct unless fishing is severely

reduced. Already there are numerous whale sanctuaries, and there are heavy penalties for whaling in calving grounds.

The authorities have also placed certain types of whale on the "reserved" list. Doubtless, further protective steps will be taken when the war is over.

Don't imagine that the whale is just a big baby spreading peace and joy. He can be a confounded nuisance!

Some time ago, a very essential submarine cable was reported to have snapped south of the Panama Canal zone. Deep-diving experts searched for days without success. Finally, the cable was discovered twisted round the jaws of a huge sperm whale. It was hauled up, dead, from 3,000 feet.

Whaling itself is no business for those who like a nice, cushy existence. It's no fun dodging icebergs that will slice a boat as if it were a chunk of butter.

Nor is a wounded whale the nicest kind of company to mix with. More than one boat has been rammed by an infuriated whale lusting for revenge.

But the business is far safer and more scientific than in Moby Dick's time—and it's less romantic, of course! It's no longer a matter of a man and a harpoon against a whale.

To-day the harpoon is shot by cannon into the whale's body. The dead whale's tail is clamped by a great steel claw, and men with winches haul it aboard the killer boat.

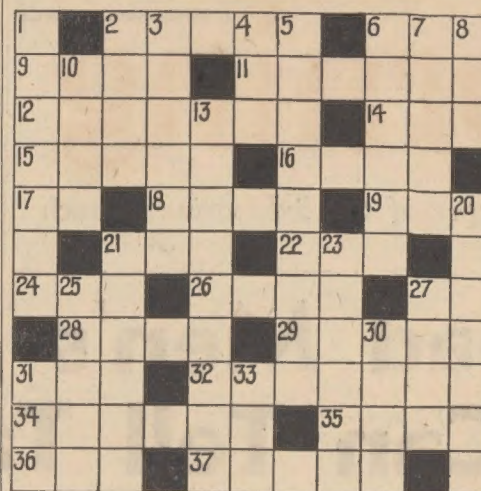
These boats are floating factories. Quickly and skilfully the precious blubber is stripped, the oil extracted, and then siphoned into tankers alongside. There's little left of any value when these men have finished with the carcass.

As for whale meat, it's an acquired taste, no doubt. I've had a mouthful or two. Personally, I'll stick to roast beef and Yorkshire!

Guy Temple

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Horse-like animal.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Own, 2 Nil, 3 Snare, 4 Double, 5 Tonic bark, 6 Sappy, 7 Love much, 8 Nevertheless, 10 Insect, 13 Mimics, 20 Buyers, 21 Burning, 23 Indeed, 25 Believe, 27 Skating surface, 30 Prejudice, 31 Rush along, 33 Seat.

6 Route, 9 Portent, 11 Destroyed, 12 Classifying, 14 Add, 15 Rage, 16 Past, 17 What, 18 Affected manners, 19 Title, 21 Liable, 22 Essay, 24 Note of music, 26 Fever, 27 The Navy, 28 Old Scot, 29 Unreasoning, 31 Equip, 32 Iridescent, 34 Abide, 35 Red pigment, 36 Fondle, 37 Wavers.

CROSSWORD CORNER  
ALMOND RIB  
PLUM ROTATE  
E GANGWAY A  
C ROE SOFT  
SOLAN ETNAS  
KNOW AYE G  
A UKULELE S  
TONSIL EXAM  
ERG SEASIDE  
BETTY STOW

I was looking at Mace. I saw him spring suddenly to his feet, yelling, "Stop him." I was conscious of Jervis pushing me aside, and it seemed deliberately getting in Mace's way in a clumsy effort to reach the doctor.

I had not seen the doctor's hand go swiftly to his lips, Jervis had. Jervis had seen a white pellet in that hand. Mace reached the man too late.

Doctor Corby swayed. I saw his

wild eyes close. I saw him lurch as Mace grabbed at his arm. I saw him crumple and sink to the floor, dead.

An hour later I crashed. I don't remember anything after seeing Corby collapse. Moon found me, so they tell me, a mile away, walking along the sea wall, talking to myself about Mace, saying he should never arrest me. The reaction had come. The horrors of that ghoully day were too much for my overstrained nerves. It was in a nursing home, a week later, that gropingly I recovered my memory and began this my story of how I was wanted—once—for murder.

THE END.

## QUIZ for today

1. A chaconne is a lace cap, Spanish pony, snuff box, dance, musical instrument, kind of bagpipe?
2. Who wrote (a) The Colonel's Daughter, (b) Montezuma's Daughter?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Thames, Tweed, Tay, Tiber, Trent, Tavy, Taw, Torridge.
4. Who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool?
5. What city is known as the Modern Athens?
6. What is the highest cliff on the English mainland?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Oriole, Oriel, Orion, Orison, Ormulu, Orgie, Orifice.
8. When was the Derby first run at Epsom?
9. Name the film partners of (a) Wheeler, (b) Laurel.
10. What is the common name for an eft?
11. Who invented the piano, and when?
12. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Phacon, Pecan, Phoca, Pheon, Peony, Peon, Pæan.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 405

1. Sword.
2. (a) John Buchan, (b) Marie Corelli.
3. Pigeon is not web-footed; others are.
4. Five.
5. Yellowstone National Park, U.S.A.; 3,350 sq. miles.
6. 1821.
7. Arrowroot, Articulate.
8. St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, 830 feet.
9. Lily.
10. C. Aubrey Smith.
11. Lough Neagh, in Northern Ireland.
12. Pinice.

## WANGLING WORDS—345

1. Put beneath in PLER and make a robber.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Nowt si heter a ni het revant.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change COAL into HOLE and then back again into COAL, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden country in: You must trip or tug along till you get there.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 344

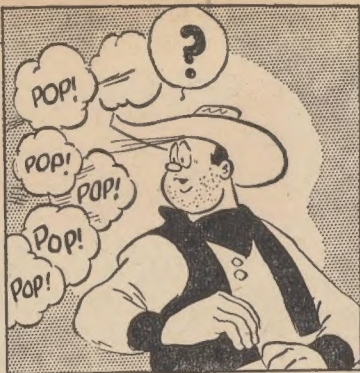
1. ParkIN.
2. Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye.
3. LARK, lard, lord, cord, cork, cook, coop, crop, CROW, brow, blow, blot, boot, bolt, bole, bore, bare, bark, LARK.
4. E-us-to-n, P-adding-to-n

## JANE





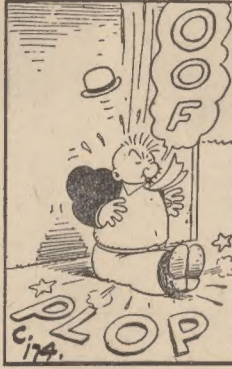
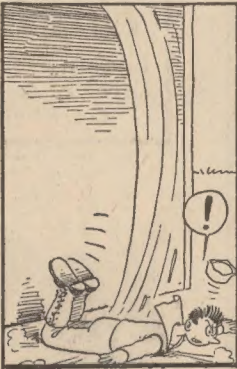
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



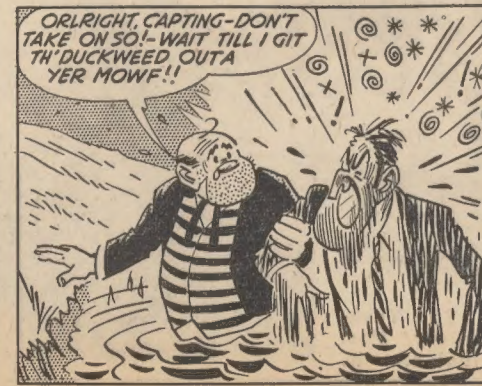
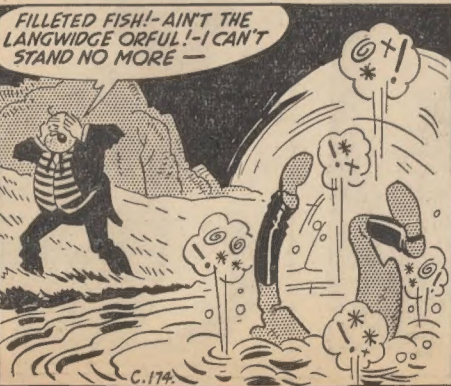
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



# STARS WHO CHANGE

By Dick Gordon

HOLLYWOOD is such a topsy-turvy, contrary, rule-smashing little town that almost any definite judgment may be proved wrong with the snap of a finger or a glimpse at the very next film to be released.

One could prove all this from many different angles, but just now let's take the old and much-quoted assertion that Hollywood's cardinal sins are headed by the fact that the movies always type their personalities.

Newcomers are told: "Be mighty careful that your first big break is in the sort of character you'd like to keep permanently, because you'll never have a chance to get away from it."

So stars always play the same old character with slightly different dressings, do they? Well, let's make sure.

Take, for instance, the two stars who appear in "The Hour Before the Dawn" at Paramount. They are Franchot Tone and Veronica Lake. One picture back, Tone was a tough, fighting tank corporal in "Five Graves to Cairo." In his latest film he's a conscientious objector who doesn't believe in war, bloodshed or killing—but who gets converted by the film's end.



A picture ago, Veronica was a heroic U.S. Army nurse in "So Proudly We Hail," and gallantly sacrificed her life so others could live. Now, in "The Hour Before the Dawn," she is a ruthless, villainous, despised Nazi agent whom Tone is forced to strangle!

Things like that are always happening in Hollywood. A star reaches for tears in one picture, for laughs in another.

Claudette Colbert is one of these. Her whole career is one reversal of type after another, and makes versatility a useful word. She was just about the Queen of Comedy through three straight slapstick parts when she turned emotionally dramatic in "So Proudly We Hail." In the same picture, Paulette Goddard, long considered grooved in glamour roles, discarded all glamour and got down to grime and tatters.

Most surprising jolt to those who say Hollywood always types its players took place in bouncing, happy Betty Hutton. She rose to fame from boisterous comedy and shouted songs. Then right out of the blue Preston Sturges made her the weeping, dramatic, non-comical, songless heroine of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

Sturges is one who loves to break any semblance of type in the career of a star. In "The Palm Beach Story" he let Rudy Vallee get away from the mooning, crooning romantic guy to be a ridiculously funny prude. He pulled Henry Fonda out of "homespun" parts to be strictly a laugh-getter in "The Lady Eve." In the same picture, Barbara Stanwyck, always played as a fine actress, got her chance to be highly sexy and show her legs for the first time. Since then, Stanwyck's attractive figure has been a high-light of other pictures.

Jean Arthur, also, has crashed the glamour field lately. Never one to sacrifice fine acting for "leg display," she discarded her "type" for a measure of body display for "The More the Merrier."

Newcomers should have no fear about starting in any good part, because they won't have to stay put in the character they use as a debut.

After all, James Cagney, Brian Donlevy, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable began as villains—tough gangsters.

Dorothy Lamour hasn't had to stay in a sarong for every picture, although the public still coaxes her back into one now and then.

Ann Sothern and Walter Pidgeon started strictly as singers. Joan Crawford's first film appearances were as a dancer.

Alan Ladd has given up his gun-work and ruthless killing after the one or two pictures which skyrocketed him to fame. It was "heavy to hero" and no nonsense.



**Good  
Morning**

Your pre-view of R.K.O.'s Super  
Starlet Martha MacVicar



★ ***This  
England*** ★

Looking over rich pas-  
tures of Suffolk towards  
Cuckfield Church.



"I'm sure this hat will  
fall off if I hold my  
head up."



**HIGH JUMPS AT THE  
DOWNS**



This game of cat's cradle is really tit-for-tat. The York-  
shire terrier threw one pup out, and her owner, Mrs.  
Proctor of Southgate, got the neighbour's cat to look after it.

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"So she's let a cat lick  
her after all."

